God for his mercy! what Trechery is heere?
Du. Why, what is it my Lord?
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, sadle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my Life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foliſh woman.
Dute. I will not peace, what is the matter *Aumerle*?
Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life muſt anſwere.
Duch Thy life anſwere?
Yorke. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.
His man enters with his bootes.
Du. Strike him *Aumerle*, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine neuer more come in my ſight.
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I ſay.
Du. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the treſpaſſe of thine owne?
Haue we more ſonnes? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire ſonne from mine age,
And robbe me of a happie mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yorke. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conſpiracie?
A dozen of them heere, haue tane the ſacrament,
And interchangeably ſet downe their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Du. He ſhall be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond woman, were he twenty times my ſon,
I would appeach him.
Du. Hadſt thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldſt be more pitifull:
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect
That I haue beene diſloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſonne:

Sweete

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY